

M1514  
Friday, January 3, 1969  
San Francisco  
Group IV

Mr. Nyland: What, one light only?

Now, pretty soon I won't know to call Friday evening because it will have mixed: music and a little talk. We used to have only music, and there was objection to some of them when I started to talk a little bit; and then we had a consensus of opinion, and then I was allowed to talk again. So, I hope you don't mind it. The difficulty always on our Friday evenings—we call it Group 'IV,' and we can call that also Group IV here—is: What should I say in connection with music. To straddle it, we have been talking a great deal about the Barn because it was at the end of the week and it was in preparation to ... for the Saturday and Sunday, so that let me out quite easy because I didn't have to adjust the kind of a talk to music at all.

But here it's a little different. I would like to say something about music in general, or what it is really that we try to do by means of music. Logically, it is a language made up of tones and combinations; certain harmonies, certain combinations of tones either as chords or as overtones. Touch, pedal, rhythm—all different things that belong to playing on a piano. And the question is always: How can one convey by means of an instrument something that is primarily one's feeling. Of course it is a necessity of becoming part of that instrument; and it's very difficult, because the instrument is so mechanical and there are so few variations possible with an instrument when it has a few hammers and you are dependent on felt and strings.

The only way by which music can really become expressive is through the voice. Because then it's part of the body and in that, by means of voice or that what is ordinary song, or sounds in a certain way with or without words, one can put something else in it also coming from oneself as a body; and the relationship, then, between that what is being produced as a voice and that what could come from one's emotional state.

You see, we are now, in using the piano or any other kind of an instrument—except perhaps the violin or bass or a cello, where there is a much more direct contact between fingers and that what vibrates, you lose that here with a piano; it makes it much more difficult, and you have to find it with all little bits of gimmicks to produce a combination of that what otherwise would be a direct contact—and we try to find it by means of a pedal or a singing-through of notes, but still, it is still mechanical.

The difficulty, then, in listening to anything of this kind of music, is that you try to divorce it from the instrument; and all you should really try to hear are the vibrations as produced by the type of string; and whatever manipulations—when it is possible, how to produce that—becomes almost the same as if one is trying to sing in a certain way with a depth of a voice or whatever there may be as a range of an ability of changing a voice: the timbre, or the resonance, or the depth or the range between bass and, let's say, 'soprano.' But how then, you must listen when it is only based on the vibration rates which reach you, it is then a question: how can it reach you and where can you take it in, what should be received and how should one be in receiving it. Because you become, then, a reception-apparatus in which you also have to become sensitive to sounds, and then it is translated into a state of yourself; and it is the reverse, of course, from producing a sound as when you sing. But when you now receive it, there is a possibility of receiving it a little differently. And if one then could actually distinguish between the effects of sounds in general on that what is now you and if you can receive it in three different kinds of ways, then afterwards one could, since it is received in one body, combine the impression and the total result would be much more like stereo, when the music comes from two different sides.

That what takes place in the body is a combination of the three different kinds of impressions. And of course it is logical that one says, "Yes, I hear this with my mind," and there is something that takes place in your mind; and of course you can also, to a certain extent, feel it because there is something that is touched within oneself and you say it is emotionally 'affecting' you; and the third one would be a reception by the body as it is.

The three different kinds of impressions you receive are not the same. They come from the same source, but in the source also there should be three definite ways of recognizing an approach. And you almost have to look at it as if, when you are listening to the music, that three different lines reach you at the same time.

When it is in your mind and you recognize certain things that are familiar or you have

associations with it, it is the wrong way of listening. Listening should be as if you hear a sound without trying to define it, simply basing it on whatever the sound can produce in you. And a variation, which many times will take place in a different tonality, should have a definite effect of a reception in your brain without defining what it is or what it looks like, or what it sounds like or what it reminds you of.

So in the first place, your mind has to be quite clear and it has to be open enough—not ‘prejudiced,’ as it were. Don’t try to classify sounds. You don’t classify the singing of the wind—you just listen and you hear it. Emotionally, it will reach you much more direct than you think. It enters into your ear—logically—and then it spreads immediately into two different parts: one can go to your brain; the other can go to your feeling center, maybe solar plexus, and if it reaches you deep enough it will go to your heart. It’s an emotional quality, and it produces a certain state in the emotional center: certain tensions, also certain rates of vibrations which are recognized as vibrations. And, thank goodness you cannot define it; because feelings, you cannot really describe.

The result of that, since we are human beings, is that it will have an effect on your body. But it is not the same as how a body can be affected when it is exposed to vibrations from the outside; and if the body is then in such a state in which it is sufficiently flexible or capable of receiving such vibrations, as if then the body will start to vibrate from them. I explained it I think once: it’s like a tuning fork.

But, you see, what happens then: one receives it, and then within yourself there is a combination of the different impressions reaching you. And sometimes one thing is emphasized, sometimes the other, or the third. But out of it totally, it should leave an impression which is a combination of all three. And to the extent that you yourself are capable of receiving, and to the extent that you are open enough, and also to the extent that you are relaxed and that you actually are open in that sense—without prejudice, without too many thoughts, without too many feelings but just listen—to that extent will you receive three different impressions—provided, of course, that in the music also the three different lines are sent out.

This makes it difficult for anyone who wants to perform. Because it’s necessary that in that kind of a music a person who plays, the closer he can come to the state of real Consciousness—or an Awareness which for him must last because he is playing, and therefore the state of an Awakening—that will produce through the music a three-fold approach.

Again, one has to be sensitive for that. Again, it is the same in reverse of what an audience should do when it listens, in the same way a person who plays should also attempt to do that.

If it is done right, the kind of music becomes much more Objective or, sometimes it's said, 'Conscious.' But when the emotional quality is in it, it really becomes Conscientious; that is, there is value in it, and that is the language. To what extent can you now receive something that has value and changes in value—and then, as it were in such 'value-changes' it is an emotional quality—it starts to talk.

That is really how one ought to express oneself. That is really how an instrument can be used as an extension of oneself; and that many times that a person who does play and is then willing to devote himself to what is maybe a piano or what may be an instrument, that part of him is actually expressed. And many times in this kind of art, that what is a person becomes apparent through this kind much more than through painting, much more than through sculpture, much more, I would say, than any other kind of art production.

It is so difficult, because one is not used to it. One has to be really alive, and the instrument, to some extent at least, has to correspond. And the instrument is not always right, or a person who plays is sometimes a little fussy; I think you have a right to be, and there are very few instruments that really correspond to the player. I'm not saying this as an excuse, but I'm saying it as something that should be ideal: that one should have an instrument with one the same way as you carry your voice with you.

So, when you wish to listen, try to relax and try to be open. Don't criticize, because there is nothing to criticize. You cannot; in the first place, you have never heard it; in the second place, it all depends how you are, and a critical attitude is absolutely absurd when you want to receive something, the same way as an attitude of argument is never right towards higher knowledge.

So, all I have to do now is to play, I think.

#### Part two

Mr. Nyland: Because I think the accent should be on music tonight. Not on talk. Now I have a feeling you have already such a great deal of talk, meetings, discussion of Work, things that ought to annoy you now. You've heard in the last week or so—two weeks—such a variety of different ways of approaching Work or where Work belongs in your life and what you should do with it, it is now up to you to do it.

And that is really the only thing that will count. Because again I say, “What else is there that you will want to do with your life.” Continuation of the ordinary things in an ordinary way ad infinitum, until they become so monotonous that you really you don’t want to do it anymore, that you have forgotten that you are and that you don’t want to live any longer? Or that there is something new that really becomes like an adventure that you want to find out; and you have a chance to find out, every day, something different about yourself, about your world, about the way you think and what you feel and why, and what to do and the motivations that are connected with it. So that really, that is the kind of importance you should now attach to Work.

And I don’t want to say any more about how you should as a Group work together. You must know that by this time. You have to prove it now, for instance, on Sunday when you get there. Remember... You remember what I said: You always will forget. I know that. That is why I have to keep on repeating it. Because you are really, in that sense you’re dumb. Because you do not allow enough time, even, to enter. You don’t wish to hear it because you’re so occupied with your ordinary life. And what is so tremendously important about it. You can say of course I’m old so why should I worry about ordinary life. But I’m not old at all! I’m young regarding that what I wish to do. And ordinary life becomes for me new, simply because I wish to look at it in the right way.

This is the only way by which your ordinary life can be renewed. Because Work on yourself does not mean that you leave the Earth. You have to keep on going, because that is what will furnish you enough energy to be able use it, or that will furnish you with an object of Observation—that, after all, is you in whatever form you can call this human body or whatever sometimes comes out and has to explode. After all, it is your ordinary life that has to be changed. It is your personality that has to become something else. It is not just the building a little ‘I’ or even saying that there is some Consciousness in my head. It is what you *are*. Where is the level of your Being is determined by your activity, and that that what you do, that *that* becomes Conscious and Conscientious. And that is a long road... But you need your body for it. You can’t do it any other way. Even if you say, “I want to build an emotional body”—Kesdjan—it’s beautiful, but how will you talk.

What is the language of emotion, and what do you really know about emotions. Because they are still tied up with your body, and you don’t dare even to loosen it up ... because you will lose your feeling, and all the time the fear that you will have of losing what you have. At certain

times do as if you had nothing all and start from scratch; early in the morning, as if you don't know anything about anything, as if you are in the morning—early, when you get up—a blank sheet of paper on which you then want to record certain things that for you then, for that day, are important. So that in your life you really make a distinction between what is for you and what is right for you, and what you would like to hold on to, and what you also would like to have done before you die.

If you could only realize such a thing. What would a day be if you knew you would die tomorrow. What would really take place in you if you knew you had said the last words, that you couldn't say anything more after a certain, let's say an hour, and that in that hour you would want to crowd in whatever you can, or perhaps you wouldn't say anything because you wouldn't know what to say and what to do, and how to consider yourself. Because you're not used to that. You consider yourself alive and that it will continue, at least for a little while. And, who knows—and then *what* takes over and *what* remains, and *what* is there now. How deep do you wish to go, away from the surface, and how lonesome will you dare to be.

These are 'important questions,' you might say.. You're faced with them when you listen and something in you is stirred and that is perhaps worthwhile for yourself when you wish to feel. And that then in that kind of a feeling you can understand each other, perhaps even better than by means of words; because if you can be silent with each other, there's a tremendous communication that can take place.

We don't drink tonight. We just play.

All right?

### Part three

Mr. Nyland: That's a little funny, huh? Sitting there, and now I sit here. Reminds me of a story I told the children. And a carpenter... A carpenter was very efficient and he could saw and he could hammer, and he could chisel or plane, and whenever he had to do one thing he had to put on a special cap. So when he was hammering he had to have one cap, and to change from hammering to sawing he had to put on another cap, when he was planing it was a third cap. That's the kind of thing I feel.

It is different facets of a person; and still, if a person is always within himself, all the different windows through which he looks—and some are colored, and whenever he looks through one he forgets that he has other windows—when he looks forward he must always look

backwards, when he looks to the left he must also look to the right. He should be an all-around Man, and our difficulty is that we specialize and then we know something very well, and then you forget about the rest. If you become very proficient in ordinary life, you forget your inner life. If you are too much taken up by suffering, you forget that it could be joyful every once in a while—you hope for it, but you don't live it; that is, when it rains, you hope for the Sun.

You must know Sun and rain belong together. God and the Devil belong together. Gurdjieff many times would say, "God bless you and the Devil" and he meant, of course, that in that kind of a case one is reminded of the proper place of Man. Man is inbetween. He is neither one nor the other. In that way he is unfortunate. He is not a planet. He is not in an emotional state which is endurable. He constantly fluctuates; particularly a Man who starts to Work, finds out that he is between unconsciousness and Consciousness. A Man should walk on that line which divides the two. And many times the line is not sharp, and then it becomes a little road; a little wider and a little wider, after some time it is a band on which he walks, sometimes again closer to unconsciousness, sometimes closer to a Conscious state. But he walks in twilight. And the beauty of twilight is that it combines day and night, same way as dawn combines the two. And Man should walk for a long time in twilight; it is necessary because he cannot live immediately at twelve o'clock mid-day, and he doesn't want to live at midnight—it's terrible. But when he goes, he goes through the hour; and then when the Sun comes up, there is a period before you see the Sun but you know the Sun is there. That is why a Man walks in hope: because it is already habitual for him to know that the Sun must come up, or is there.

This is what is lacking with us. We don't know that an Objective world exists, because we stare ourselves blind on that what apparently is the only thing we know. And many times I call it a 'form' only, and we forget that it is life that we are after and we take the form for that life, and that's all there is to it. We take manifestations for all of the personality, and the personality has a little bit more in it, a little bit that reminds one of a possibility of a Conscientious state. And the mind has a little bit more than just thinking; it has also Karatas; it has a realization of something that is different. And as far as the body is concerned, it has a central point, and that is the point that never changes, that always remains the same and is dependable. When one is in twilight and you walk on that band; and you go inbetween the possibility of Consciousness and Conscience, and the loosening yourself up from ordinary life so that the bondage of Earth with the body is a little bit, let's say, 'freer.' You walk back and forth. Sometimes your right hand is turned

towards your unconscious and your left to that what is Conscious, and you turn around and it is the other way.

How will one face, really, that particular possibility. By looking at the rising Sun and leaving everything behind you by continuing to wish to go to the Promised Land, and not to stop at Sodom or Gomorrah? To realize that one is inbetween, or that one has a direction; and that in that everything of one's self, as if one rotates and sees one and then the other and then the other, and then this and then that, and keeps on dynamically rotating so all the things become One for him. This is really the activity a Man should be in: that he never should forget that he has Work to do; that a Man never should be lazy; that a Man always should be occupied; that he always should use whatever can be used at that particular time, and giving himself the ability to say "No" when he knows he must not Work—like the body tells him "No" when the body is tired.

Something in Man must know when to Work; must know when to turn towards an Objective feeling; must know, while he walks in twilight, where is the direction of more light and then perhaps face it, and then turns around and again settles that what is the unconscious so that he can leave it. A Man is constantly between God and the devil, but when he is between the two there is no chance that they meet because he will prevent it, and in him both God and devil are converted into his own wish for growth. When a Man becomes like God, he is like the devil. When he is finite he is like the devil, when he is Infinity he is God; and when one understands that finiteness is in Infinity, the devil is absorbed in God and the final unity is between Positive and Negative Absolute and changes into an absolute entity. Then there is no further division.

A Man walking in twilight hopes it will become mid-day will then at that time, when the Sun is in its zenith; but Man as a shadow on the Earth, that becomes a point. This is the aim of Man: as it were, if the Sun can 'surround' him, there is no more shadow. If one can disappear to the vertical line towards Infinity there is no further finite form, and that what is alive is alive because it exists.

I don't think I'll play anymore. I think there is enough. And I won't talk anymore because I've said enough. I hope you have a good weekend. Some of you I will see, and if not Sunday or maybe tomorrow, then I hope Monday. Monday is the last day here. If you can prepare, what is it you would like to get. What kind of things that should be made clear so that if there is a chance, I can answer it. And there is a chance. There is not a certainty—that sometimes your problem may be so complicated—but if you can ask, we can at least try. You ask questions.

Like we had at Palo Alto. Continuation of questions. Questioning attitude. Orage used to say that Man should be a living question mark, trying to straighten out and to stand with his hands ... with his hands stretched out and his head up and his feet firmly planted on the Earth.

Good night, everybody.

End of tape